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GOSPEL SONGS
AND OTHER WRITERS

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Gospel Songs

and Their Writers

By

Chas. H. Gabriel

Price 25 cents

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Prolusion

In the small volume come to your hand an attempt has been made to include only such material as has heretofore remained unpublished. The information found in these pages is only that which has been gathered by the author during an apprenticeship of forty years in the Gospel music field.

Much is reminiscence, much has been omitted, no design has been followed in the compilation, but it is hoped that the novelty of the contents will prove of value to the reader.

Pliny, the elder, used to say that no book was so bad but some good might be got out of it. If this effort of mine bears fruit in the guise of more respect for our Gospel songs and a larger degree of appreciation for their creators, I shall feel that the assertion of the celebrated Roman naturalist is indubitable.

Chas. H. Gabriel

Chicago
Nineteen Fifteen

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GOSPEL SONGS AND THEIR WRITERS

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GOSPEL MUSIC is the language of the heart; the expression of hope, trust, longing, sorrow, joy, and even the despair of the soul. It is the spontaneous overflow of happiness and a healing balm for the wounds of life; it is both sermon and song, praise and prayer, oblivion and remembrance. Who has not felt the hot tears of joy, sorrow, regret, or peace that came with the strain of some old and almost forgotten hymn?

If the heart aches by reason of disappointment; if it bleeds for the sound of a childish voice that now echoes only in memory; if it throbs at the fancied sound of a footstep that comes no more, what can comfort more than "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"?

If it burns with revenge or hate because of a wrong; if it has lost faith because of abused confidence, or is discouraged by reason of longing and desire unfulfilled, what will comfort its sorrow, heal its wounds, appease its anger, or mitigate the pangs of failure more perfectly than one of the sweet old heart-songs?



The writings of Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn and others whose names and works will live and be known among musicians as long as civilization endures, are characterized by a charming simplicity of melody and harmony.

Modern composers, **au contraire**, cross the border of the fathomless silence of the infinite in their search for strange chord resolutions, tone sequences, and harmonic progressions.

Not everyone appreciates this class of music, for it is as unreasonable to expect the illiterate person to read understandingly from the hieroglyphic writings of the past ages as to expect the uneducated one to catch the beauty and grace of the masters.

The Lord provided for all, but one is moved by a feeling almost of pity for the person who wholly understands and appreciates the type of music commonly termed classic, yet holds in contempt the simple song he heard sung at the funeral of his mother or by his little child in the Sunday School; **par exemple:**

One of the most successful composers of hymn tunes the world has known gave his son a thorough musical education. After-



ward the young man reproved his father for wasting time on what he chose to call worthless trash, and even refused to play such pieces as "Nearer, My God, to Thee." To-day, wherever music is heard, the father's name is venerated, while the world long ago forgot the son.

Younger writers are not making themselves known, and, even to the optimist, the future of gospel music is not promising. The field, as in other realms of music, has been so thoroughly gone over that originality is akin to impossible, and therefore men and women of talent are turning their attention to channels removed from either extreme.

Without having followed the development of the American hymn-tune from William Billings down to the present time, or having acquired a knowledge of its evolution from the rude choruses sung by the early settlers in the log churches and schoolhouses, no one can judge the real practical value of the part American gospel song has taken in the web and woof of American Church life.

Without a doubt, the first hymn-tune written and printed in America was that known as "Mear" composed by Aaron Williams about 1726. William Billings made the first notable effort to finish the American hymn-tune, and his "Easter Anthem" will probably live as long as there are Church people to sing it. His successors were Oliver Holden, Daniel Reid, Lowell Mason, James Webb, L. O. Emerson, and William B. Bradbury. To the latter is usually given the place of honor as the father of modern Sunday School music, such as is found in "Golden Chain," "Golden Shower," etc., published about 1864. Following this author came Robert Lowry, W. H. Doane, and others, producing songs such as are contained in "Fresh Laurels," "Bright Jewels" and "Pure Gold." In these books are found the embryonic Gospel Song which was never fully developed in the early days of the Moody and Sankey regime.

Can You Doubt Him

With Home

When thy heart with sin oppressed Years for pardon and for peaces
But the mercy Christ has promised His thy tears and doubts close

A gradual change is constantly coming about; the songs so popular two decades ago would not succeed today, and, as a result, splendid improvement in both words and music is keeping step in the march of time, and the church today has a better class of music than ever before.

Gospel songs, as well as those of other fields, contain that radical form of syncopation popularly known as "rag-time." The old masters used this style of intonation or rhythm, but they used it judiciously and artistically in securing desired effect, and not as it is commonly garbled today. It is extremely precarious for the amateur director to employ, for, by his misguided ambition for effect all the spiritual and devotional sentiment may be destroyed; yet, when the right subject is couched in language requiring syncopated interpretation, its beauty is apparent; by it the most pathetic passions of the heart, the direst grief, the keenest anticipation and humblest devotion may be most beautifully expressed.

It is a lamentable fact that many of the songs used in our Sunday Schools are far below the average intellectual standard, out of place and unworthy the sacred cause to which they are given. In a recently published book, which had a large sale, appeared the following ridiculous rhyme:

"Jesus feels so sorry
When we're doing wrong;
When we're good he's happy
All the whole day long."

Many others are equally absurd. While Isaac Watts was inspired to write: "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed," he also wrote:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span;
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man."

From the pen of the revered Charles Wesley flowed the sublime poem, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and yet the same poet gave us—

"Idle men and boys are found
Standing on the devil's ground;
He will give them work to do,
He will pay their wages, too."

Cowper wrote:

"Martha, her love and joy expressed
By care to entertain her guest;
While Mary sat to hear her Lord,
And could not bear to lose a word."

If the great poets and hymn-writers wrote such obtuse rhyme occasionally, it is not amazing that our generation has no monopoly on graceful, thoughtful, poetical hymnody. But, because of such, we have no more right to condemn all hymns without discrimination than we have to frown on all sermons because some are wanting in thoughtfulness, literary finish, or elocutionary grace.

Some are too ready to find fault with and condemn that which does not exactly appeal to them, entirely forgetting the taste and intelligence of others. Recently a certain Somebody prohibited the use in his church of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "Lead Kindly Light." Another put his veto on "There is a

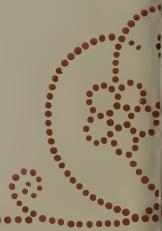
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"Bring him unto me:

El Nathan "All things are possible to him that believeth" James M. Graham
Mark 9:23

1 There is never a soul so sinful so lost to be giv'd degree,
 2 There is never a soul in bondage But Christ can make him free;
 3 There is never a soul so hardened, E'er dead that soul may be,
 4 There is never a soul that's dying But God would have him see.

"Fountain Filled With Blood." Later a prominent politician chose to slander that more recent little classic, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." If the churches want better music, better sentiment, and more of the old-time devotional spirit in their services, let them support those who are trying to raise the standard of excellence in hymnology, and the world will have better music, safer hymns, and more spiritual singing.





ENGLAND TODAY sings more of our gospel songs than it does its own cathedral tunes. Germany has translated the finest of them; missionaries have carried them into the farthest lands of heathenism, and in strange tongues and dialects they are being sung all over the Christian world.

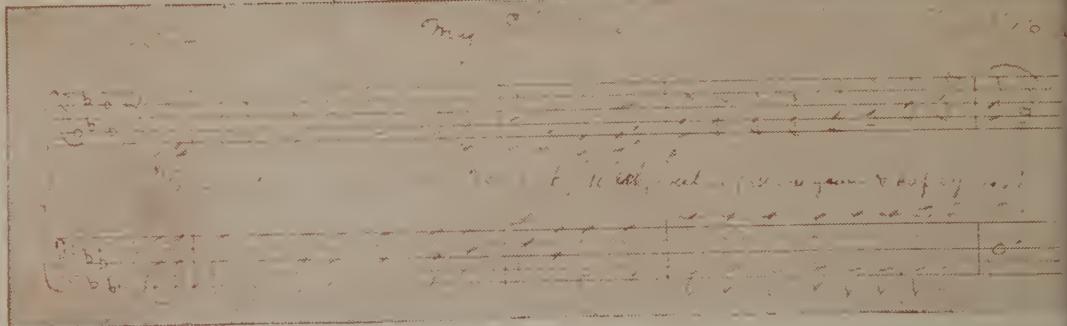
A great part of the blame for the presence of the trashy song of the day may be laid at the door of the committee on Church music.

These committees are too often made up of persons wholly unfitted to judge a song; many of them being unable to distinguish a symphony from a "two-step," poetry from doggerel, or comprehend devotion from commotion.

The vaudeville melody, fitted with meaningless rhyme, "executed" by the ill-assorted Sunday School "orchestra," has gotten such a hold on the governing forces that it is almost useless to offer anything in the better class.

The majority of evangelists who go up and down our land will not sing nor introduce a song that does not directly advertise the book they are hoping to sell. Such books usually have half a dozen or so good and acceptable pieces, which the publishers announce can be had in no other publication. These pieces are used over and over, and constitute the bait thrown out to catch the incompetent committee.

Years ago it was not the custom among authors to charge a monetary price for the use of songs, but when one compiler desired help from another he got it for the asking with a blessing thrown in, but nowadays a price equal to \$100 is not uncommon for the right to use a popular copyright, while many which are best known cannot be procured at any price, their publication being reserved by the owner for commercial advantage. Com-



mittees in the old days were not obliged to buy certain books to secure certain songs which were called for by their congregation, but all songs were within the reach of all the people no matter who owned the copyright.

"They" say our gospel songs are short-lived. They are. They are born, serve their purpose, and make way for new ones. As I have said before, the needs and demands change with the years.

Some of us remember the old minor tunes of our forefathers; imagine a gathering of young people today singing, "Broad is the road that leads to death," to the mournful strains of Daniel Reid's "Windham."

A doctor of divinity recently said, publicly: "There was a time when the ministers were exhorters rather than preachers; they obtained results, but the times have changed, and we have changed with them. Wesley's wisdom was all right for the eighteenth century, but it would not do in these modern times." The same rule applies to gospel songs.

Our modern gospel song is a cheerful, joyful song, and the Bible has been one large melodious, illustrated song service, from the time the morning stars sang together until the pre-
vision of the marriage supper of the Lamb when John heard as it were the voice of

a great multitude, as the roar of many waters, as the roll of mighty thunders, saying, "Alleluiah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

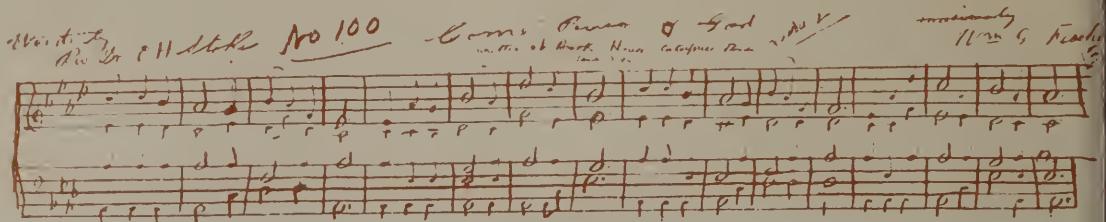
Haydn, when asked why his music was so cheerful, is said to have answered, "I can't make any other. I write as I feel. When I think of God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap from my pen."

Our most popular songs are built along lines of gladness: "Sunshine in the Soul," "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Count Your Blessings," and numerous others, are all bubbling over with joy, hope, and praise, while consolation and comfort breathe upon us from every line and strain.

A prominent writer has said, "The gospel singer may not charm the musician; he does not sing so much for them as for men and women who have troubled hearts; for men and women who have hearts and heartaches as well as ears; he sings to the mother, now to the father, and again for all."

The question then arises: What constitutes an acceptable and useful gospel song? First, the text must be systematically constructed, be spiritual and devotional; it should begin with an immediate declaration of subject, followed by an explication presented in a logical and intelligent manner.

There are usually three stanzas of four or more lines each; the corresponding lines in these stanzas must have the same number of syllables, and accentuation be of uniform occurrence. Under these conditions the difficulties of keeping out superfluous and useless words—the vital point of attack by self-appointed "critics"—is apparent. Even with their skill and learning our immortal poets and hymn writers made use of and our Church hymnals contain these ambiguous words: *vide ut supra.*

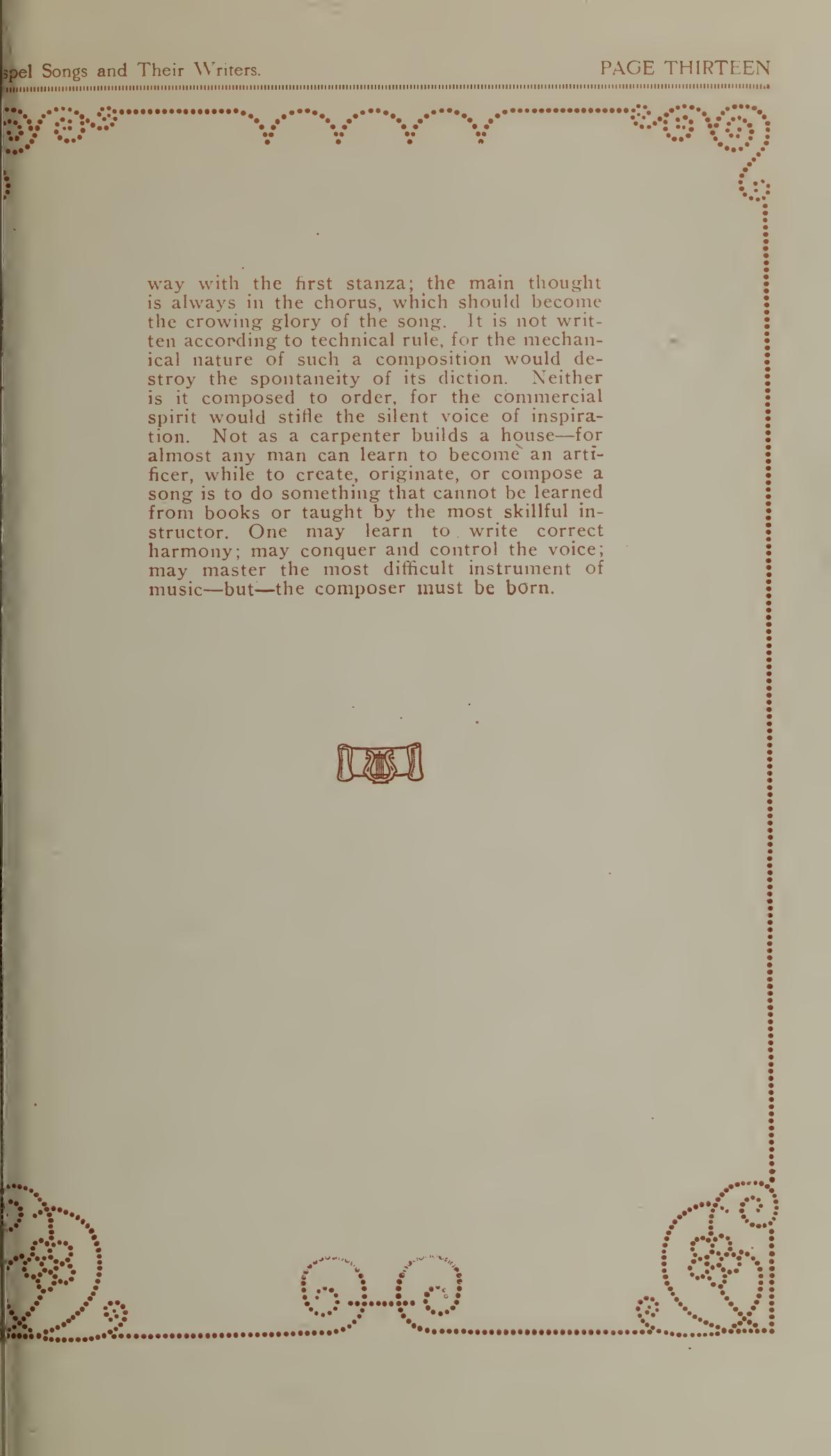


Next to the text, if not on equal ground with it comes the music. A gospel song will not succeed unless it has melody; especially is this true when applied to music for children and young people, and the more pleasing the melody the better it is liked and the more good it accomplishes.

The music should be written **for the words**, and not the words for the music, although I know a few who grind out melodies and employ word tinkers to furnish adapted lines with rhyme, at so much per, yet few such songs become popular (I except "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," which rumor places in this list), and, if there is a dividing line between the sacred and the secular, I believe such pieces hold that distinction.

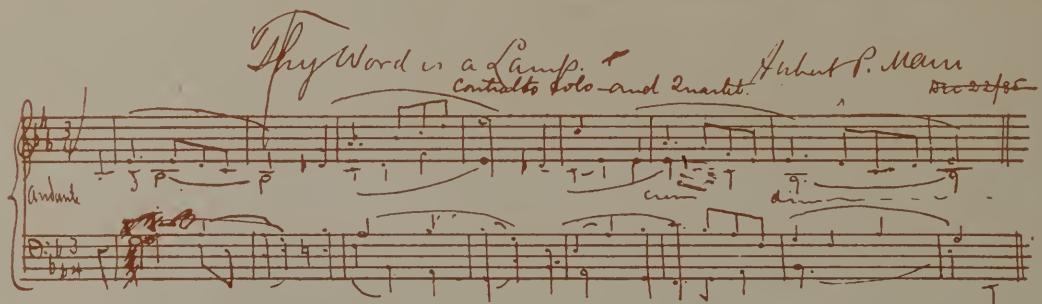
The discriminating powers of sacred and secular music are clearly defined and well understood—how the one fills the soul with awe and reverence, while the other fires the heart with ardor and enthusiasm. An eyewitness told me of a social party he attended; the young people were dancing; the orchestra, from a popular waltz drifted into the strains of "The Glory Song." Presently one of the couples took their seats, then another, and another until the floor was deserted, and, as the music ceased a solemn stillness filled the room.

A question frequently asked is: "How is a song written?" A superficial and imperfect reply to a really unanswerable question might be: A subject presents itself, and, as it takes form in the mind a melody comes singing its



way with the first stanza; the main thought is always in the chorus, which should become the crowning glory of the song. It is not written according to technical rule, for the mechanical nature of such a composition would destroy the spontaneity of its diction. Neither is it composed to order, for the commercial spirit would stifle the silent voice of inspiration. Not as a carpenter builds a house—for almost any man can learn to become an artificer, while to create, originate, or compose a song is to do something that cannot be learned from books or taught by the most skillful instructor. One may learn to write correct harmony; may conquer and control the voice; may master the most difficult instrument of music—but—the composer must be born.





BELIEVE IN INSPIRATION, but do not believe the Great Master is dealing out cut and polished diamonds; he gives the thought, and the author must work it out. Sometimes a great deal of perspiration is required, for a single flaw in the harmony or a trivial weakness in the words is fatal. Those marvelous stories explaining how the Lord gave this or that song, word for word and note for note, seem to be the outcome of a species of auto-hallucination, and should be accepted with reserve.

Hundreds of hymns are sent to me from all parts of the world, and when one comes in with that brand upon it, nine times out of ten it proves to be of no account whatever. The late Sam Jones once said to the writer, in his peculiar, joking way: "My! My! if the Lord is sure enough responsible for all the songs you fellows accuse him of, he's going to have a mighty hard time to set himself right with the folks."

Peculiar incidents come under the observation of the song writer as well as to the attention of the literary author; sometimes it is plagiarism, other times it is coincidence—to put it mildly. The popular song, "Haven of Rest," is taken from one of Dr. Robert Lowry's compositions, published in one of his early books, both words and music. The melody of "Face to Face" is the first strain of a home song popular two or three decades ago, written by W. A. Ogden. "When the

"Mists Have Rolled Away" is quite identical with a song written by J. H. Anderson back in the early seventies. The chorus of "At the Cross" is an old plantation melody, well known thirty years ago.

In 1856, William B. Bradbury published in "The Jubilee" a song he entitled, "Riverbank," music by himself; in 1886, another writer issued "Sabbath Bells" in which appeared a composition known as "Take Thy Children Home"; about 1872, a popular author of that day, under his signature, printed "Bringing in the Sheaves." In 1886, a later compiler brought out the now popular song of the same title, taking the credit as author. Here were four different men claiming one poor little song. The credit should be given where it doubtless belongs—to William B. Bradbury, who first printed it over half a century ago.

I wrote and published a song entitled, "Over in the Glory Land"; the manuscript had been seen only by myself and the typesetter. My surprise may be imagined when one day, soon after, I received from an Eastern hymn writer a text on the same subject, same title, same meter, and substantially the same subject-matter throughout, stanza for stanza. He had not seen my song nor I his poem, yet the one was the counterpart of the other. I immediately mailed him a printed copy of my composition, which proved to be as much of a surprise to him as his had been to me.

Some, if not all, have read the recent press reports concerning a portion of Signor Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" and "Alexander's Rag-time Band"—how they were practically the same, note for note, yet no one will assume the great Italian composer plagiarized, and surely the ragtime man had never heard the "Girl of the Golden West," when he published his song, for they were issued almost simultaneously in different parts of the world.



An analogous instance was discussed recently in my studio by three of the most eminent writers of sacred music. Each had passed the three score mile post in life and their knowledge of the subject under discussion was incontestable.

One of these men was the author and publisher of the song book used by a certain mission worker when he first began his activities. In that book (a copy of which he had with him, calling our attention to the page) was the favorite song of this humanitarian—who, it has been said, could not tell "Yankee Doodle" from "Old Hundred," a statement as inane as untrue. His field of labor broadening, he was joined by a gospel singer whose first solo, the story continued, was the one under consideration.

Time ran on, and both these men became famous. The circumstances usually related concerning the origin of "The Ninety and Nine" have been heard so often that repetition is unnecessary, but "The Ninety and Nine" is, as far as melody is concerned, that same old song "A Wonderful Stream is the River of Time," discussed that day by those veteran composers.

I very frequently receive manuscripts from people asking me to have three or four copies printed; more than one such person has enclosed fifty cents to pay for the same, which seems to prove how little is known of the manner and cost of printing music.

Music is not printed from type, as is usually supposed; its delicate lines, dots, stems,

and flags are too fragile to stand the pressure of the press.

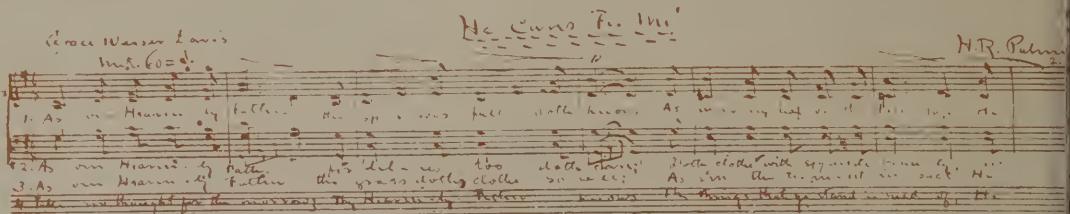
While a font of ordinary English type contains only about one hundred characters, a font of music type has over one thousand; the note head, the stem, the flag, the dot, the note head on the line and the one on the space are separate pieces, while the staff, slur, tie, crescendo, and other expression marks are made up of pieces of various forms and lengths, to accommodate conditions.

To set a page of gospel music ordinary size—about 4x7 inches—the compositor must pick up and adjust from three thousand to four thousand pieces of type, and the average day's work of a good typographer is two pages. After the type is set it is locked in a chase and a cast made of it in black lead; this is hung in a bath where a copper-facing forms upon it, making a "shell." This shell is "backed up" with type metal, dressed to the proper thickness, and gone over by the finisher, who brings up the defects that are sure to be found.

The plate is then mounted on a wooden block, type-high, or by the use of patent blocks, the page is printed. The cost of such a page is from \$2.50 to \$3.50.

The ordinary printing press accommodates a form consisting of thirty-two such pages, although they are more often printed in sixteens. An ordinary book of 224 pages requires the make-up of seven forms of thirty-two pages each, and will, as you see, be printed in seven sections or parts.

There are other forms of printing music, but they are not practical when large numbers of copies are required. Much of the sheet music is printed from engraved plates which are easily distinguished from those made from type, by their irregular slurs, ties, clefs, and expression marks. To produce an engraved plate, the workman, with proper instruments,



indents upon a sheet of zinc the staff lines, notes, rests, clefs and other characters required. To produce copies the surface of this zinc is inked over, then wiped clean; the ink remains in the indentures made on the surface and is absorbed by the paper when pressure is applied by the press. This form of printing is, however, little used nowadays, but an impression is transferred from the zinc to stone, and printed in a more expeditious manner.

It would seem strange, but while there are hundreds of typesetting and printing plants in Chicago, there are but two music typographical firms in the city.



THE AVERAGE PERSON familiar with gospel music has little conception of the enormous number of evangelistic and Sunday School song books printed in our country today. Chicago is probably not the largest publishing center, but one house in our city printed and sent out in the year 1911 over one million, three hundred thousand books.

These books, piled one on top of the other, would make a pile ten miles high; laid lengthwise they would make a pathway 164 miles long; spread out they could cover an area of forty-two square miles; to transport them would require a train of eighteen cars of twenty tons each.

It has been said that no gospel song in history ever attained the international popularity of "The Glory Song" in so short a time. It was written in 1900, and in less than five years it was sung around the world. The wonder of this, however, is not due to the song alone, but to circumstances and conditions that took control of it.

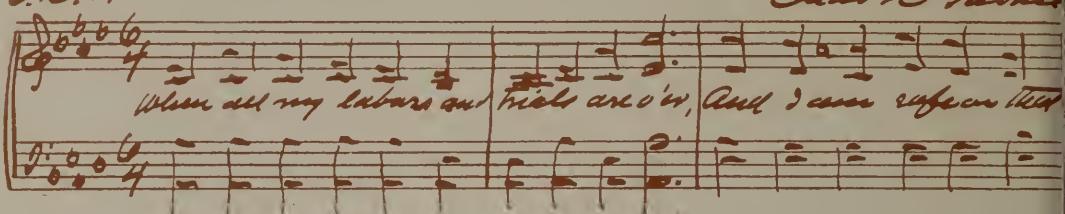
Many interesting incidents connected with it have been sent me from many countries, besides scores that have appeared in print, but to me the most remarkable fact concerning the song is that it stands today note for note and word for word as I sent it to the printer twelve years ago.

It has been translated into more than twenty different languages and dialects, and over twenty millions of copies have been printed. I have heard it played by brass bands, German bands, hand organs, street pianos, and phonographs: I have heard it numerous times sung by over ten thousand people, and again by the usual congregation; but the most impressive rendering I ever heard given was by a certain congregation of over one thousand men; these men were all dressed in steel gray suits, and sat with folded arms; the man who played

O Heart Will be Glory

C. H. G.

Charles H. Gabriel



the organ and the man who held the baton and led the song were dressed in exactly the same way. Down the right side, across the rear and up the left side of the audience room, on high stools, sat a row of men in blue uniforms, holding heavy canes across their knees; these men seemed never for an instant to take their eyes from certain spots in front of them. Not a man whispered during the service—for it was a state's prison. Among that congregation of 1,077 men; 256 were there for life—there to live and die, and on each of their cell doors, where they would read it every time they left and re-entered, was that startling word "life." How strangely their voices impressed me—these men without a country, without a home, without a name, deprived of every privilege accorded to all men by the Almighty, and known only by a number. As I sat before them, the prison pallor of their faces against its background of gray within that frame of blue, made a picture never to be forgotten. With few exceptions every man sang; here sat one with downcast eyes—there another with mute lips, while yonder near the center a large, strong fellow was weeping like a little child—but silently. They told me he had been there but a short time, and I wondered if he had heard the song before, under different circumstances—and where, for he had a kindly face.

Softly they sang that last stanza:

"Friends will be there I have loved long ago;

Joys like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will through the ages be glory for me."

The song ended, the chaplain said a brief prayer, and that great crowd of men, at signals from the guards in blue, marched out squad by squad, keeping step to the music of the organ played by the men in gray.

It has been my privilege to have personal acquaintance with many, if not quite all of the noted modern writers and composers of gospel music.

Many of those I remember best are gone—Philip Phillips, P. P. Bliss, James McGranahan, Asa Hull, Robert Lowry, Ira D. Sankey, George F. Root, H. R. Palmer, and, but recently, T. C. O'Kane, William G. Fisher, and T. Martin Towne; while those who remain—such men as L. O. Emerson, W. H. Doane, H. P. Main, T. E. Perkins, George C. Stebbins, E. O. Excell, D. B. Towner, William J. Kirkpatrick, and others—are fast nearing the great divide.

Among these writers, P. P. Bliss holds a unique position in memory. He was a man among men, kind and considerate, of magnificent physique, dark eyes, jet back curly hair, and full beard. His voice was a sweet, sympathetic bass of a splendid quality of tone.

His parents were poor, and he had little help in the battle of life, but he won the victory. In the days of the "Musical Convention," he was one of the most popular conductors. He always opened the morning session with a hymn, then a prayer. I see him now standing as he prayed. After the prayer he usually devoted ten or fifteen minutes to musical reminiscence, or talks on interesting topics. Other times he and his wife would sing one of their incomparable duets, "There's a Light in the Valley," "Go Bury Thy Sorrow," and others. One of his stories impressed itself indelibly upon my mind:

Rev. J. H. Martin *Jesus Only!* *W. A. Ogden*

With feeling.

1. Oh, let me look to Jesus, For wisdom, strength and peace, To cover age in the
2. Oh, let me live for Jesus, And all my powers employ, To serve, obey and

A barefooted mountain lad had gone as was his custom, to the little village with his basket of fresh vegetables, which he peddled from door to door. One day, having sold his stock, he was on his way home, when the sound of music was wafted to his ear through the open door of a house by the way; he paused; the music continued, and drew him nearer, and nearer, until, unconsciously, he had entered the room where a lady was playing a piano accompaniment to the song she was singing. Entranced, he stood listening, his very soul lost in a sea of delight; such music he had never heard. Some movement of his attracted the lady's attention, she turned, and seeing the boy, with a little scream of surprise cried out: "What are you doing in my house? Get out of here with your great bare feet." Looking down at his feet, as he told the story, Mr. Bliss continued, slowly: "Yes, my feet are large—but God gave them to me; and how I wish that that lady's children were here that I might sing to them."

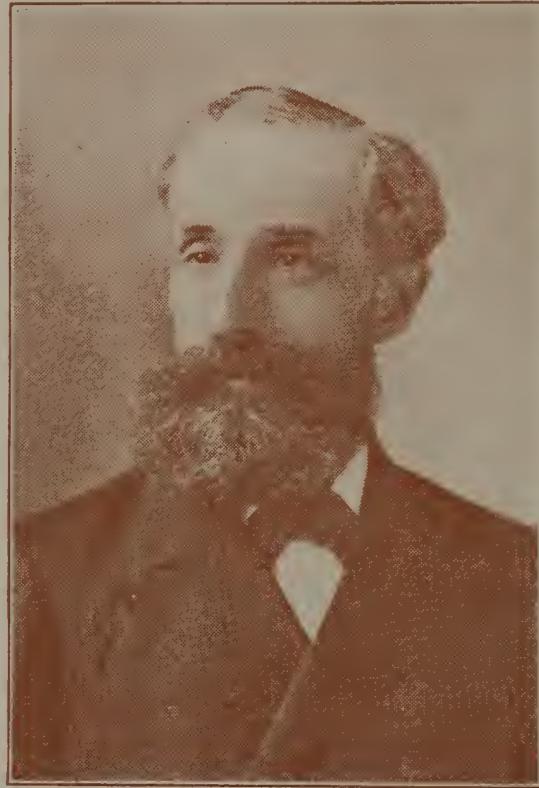
The element of pride had no place in his heart. A friend in writing him quoted somewhat from his "Waiting and Watching for Me." In answer Mr. Bliss wrote, "No, I don't seem to rest much in the hope of seeing a throng of heavenly ones waiting and watching for me. They might be in better business. Nor of hearing echoes of my songs there. I want something better."

Had it not been for that eventful wreck at Ashtabula, December 26, 1876, what songs he might have given to the world, for he then was but thirty-eight years of age! His best song is probably, "It is well with my soul."



JOHN R. SWEENEY

MANY REMEMBER the face of Philip Phillips. He was not an educated musician, either in theory, voice, or composition, but possessed a voice of peculiar influence and ability to impress his earnestness upon his hearers. He was among the first to sing the gospel, and incidents of his early experiences as "The Singing Pilgrim" had a startling effect upon the entire religious world. Without a doubt, I possess the last manuscript he made, for in his letter sending it to me he says: "I believe this will be the last tune I shall write,



PHILIP PHILLIPS

for I am getting very weak, constantly confined to my bed, but my harp is already attuned for the better land." His death occurred a few days afterward.

A striking incident was related of him during one of his trips around the world. While in the Holy Land, one day, as they wandered amid scenes of sacred memory they were startled by the cry of "Unclean! unclean!" Looking up the mountain side they plainly saw the lepers. After watching them a moment Mr. Phillips began singing that peerless song:



T. C. O'KANE

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,

The far-away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand

While the years of eternity roll."

In silence those helplessly afflicted human beings stood listening as he sang stanza after stanza. They understood not a word he said, possibly, but the soul of the singer seemed to



ROBERT LOWRY

speak in a language that even they could comprehend, and in respectful attention they stood until the song ended and Mr. Phillips' party passed from their view.

His best-known songs are: "Your Mission" and "The Home of the Soul."

T. C. O'Kane was another of the old school. Not a theoretical musician, nor was there much originality to his songs, but his soul was full of music and his heart was right. Up to the last he was always found at prayer meeting, where he played the organ and led

the songs. He was a tall, splendid-looking fellow and straight as an arrow. His most popular song is, "O, think of the home over there."

Dr. W. H. Doane is a man over eighty years of age, immaculate in dress and discriminating in taste; short and rather stout. He has written more songs that have lived and will live with the generations to come than any other man. His compositions are so well known they need not be mentioned.

Robert Lowry was a Baptist minister, a splendid man of refinement and education. He had convictions by which he always stood. My first correspondence with him dates back into the seventies, and continued on up to the time of his death. He always had a word of praise and encouragement, as well as honest criticism. He was seriously opposed to the Santa Claus idea, and never failed, on receipt of a new Christmas cantata from me, to remonstrate against it. Generations to come will sing "We're Marching to Zion," "I Need Thee Every Hour," while many will be moved to tears by "Where Is My Wandering Boy?" and feel the thrill that always touches the heart with the strains of "Shall We Gather at the River?"

James McGranahan I first met in 1880. He was a retiring, lovable man, a prolific writer, and splendid musician. Ill health took him out of the field of actual service, and his later years were those of an invalid. His best song, probably, is "Showers of Blessing."

C. C. Converse, who wrote "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," was an attorney-at-law, and an accomplished musician; he was the author of several orchestral compositions of more than ordinary merit. I possessed a manuscript copy of "What a Friend," in his own handwriting, before the song was printed.

Asa Hull, who did much in developing Sunday School music, was a man of small physical proportions, clever, elegant in manner and



JAMES M'GRANAHAN

a shrewd business man. His books sold into the hundreds of thousands. His best-known is, "I Do Believe."

J. H. Kurzenknabe is a typical German, a large man with a heart big enough to take in everyone with whom he comes in contact, is always jovial and full of religion of the old-time sort. What Christian has not sung or heard "What a Gathering That Will Be?"

Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett was a practicing physician—a courteous and pleasing gentleman, who devoted his spare moments to writ-

ing hymns. His frequent calls at my office were always enjoyable, and his reminiscences of past years entertaining. His snow-white hair seemed to weave a halo over the vicious gossip circulated concerning his habits. It was reported, and still is, that both he and Dr. Webster were drunk when they wrote "Sweet By and By"—which statement was and is as malicious and false as the people who originated and circulated it.

That hymn was one among many written from time to time, prompted by no special inspiration. He related how Dr. Webster "fiddled" the tune out, then wrote it down. Neither of them saw the brilliancy of the gem they had discovered, yet immediately on publication it swept over the world like wildfire, and will be sung as long as there is hope in the human heart of "A land that is fairer than day."

F. S. Smith, who wrote, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," also wrote numerous gospel hymns. I am proud to have the copy, in his own tremulous handwriting, of a hymn, with his letter, saying it was written expressly for me.

Julia Ward Howe was a prolific writer of what she chose to term "spiritual verse," but nothing from her pen became so popular as her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She once wrote me a flattering letter, saying she would send me some of her original hymns, that I might make musical settings for them. I suppose her increasing feebleness prevented, for on July 28, 1908, she wrote, saying it would be impossible. The letter is in her own handwriting, and is one of my most treasured keepsakes.

Mrs. Julia A. Fletcher Carney, when she wrote "Little Drops of Water," was a school teacher in Boston; she also did literary work for various papers and magazines. In a letter received from her she wrote: "'Little Drops of Water' was written in 1845 and first published in 'Gospel Teacher.' My marriage soon after and subsequent removal to what was then the West, and then the care of my own chil-



Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

dren left me no time for other music than their baby talk." In closing, she continues: "As I am a Universalist you may not think my views gospel, but I think it is no longer thought necessary to teach Christ's little ones that there is a dreadful hell."

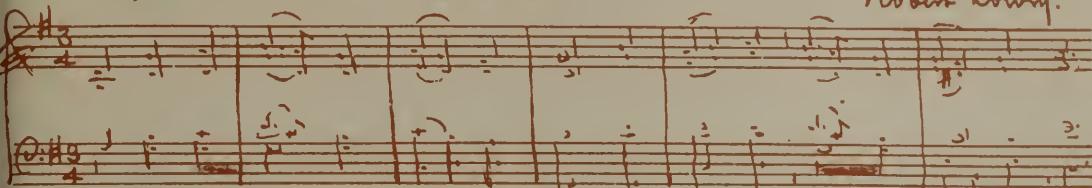
There is a little old-fashioned lady living down in Ohio who has the old-fashioned religion. She also has a husband and family; more than this, although she is able, financially, to have servants to wait upon her, she chooses to be her own cook and dish washer. She says her best inspirations have come to her while on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor. You who have sung, "Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart" know I refer to Mrs. C. H. Morris. (Since the above was written Mrs. Morris has become almost totally blind, with little hope of recovering her sight.)

Wm C. Bryant.

Receive Thy Sight.

Date 18:42.

Robert Lowry.



EUTHER ORLANDO EMERSON was born August 3, 1820. He early began the study of medicine, but his strong love for music swerved him from that course, and by determined perseverance and unfaltering energy he became recognized as the best melodist of all the psalmody writers.

His first successful composition was the tune "Sessions"—named after his pastor—which is sung wherever a church spire raises its head. He is the author of over sixty collections of music, embracing all varieties from church music tunes to instruction books which have had an aggregate sale of over one million copies. His war song, "We are Coming, Father Abraham," would of itself have made him famous. Contemporary with Lowell Mason, William B. Bradbury, and others of that day, he, as a teacher and conductor, stood second to none.

Full of years and honor, although sight and hearing have all but deserted him, he still occasionally adds to his long list of works. The portrait on page 41 shows him at his piano on his eighty-seventh birthday—a snap shot taken by his daughter.

In the advancement of church music no name stands higher than that of L. O. Emerson.

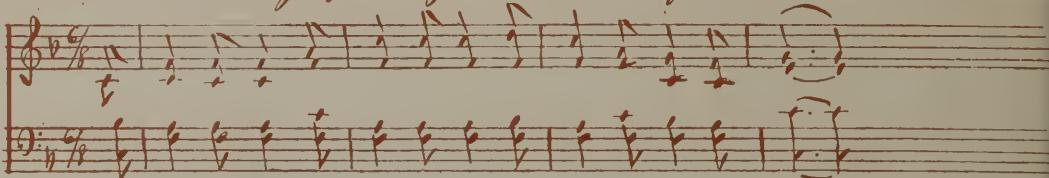
E. O. Excell was born in Stark County, Ohio, in 1851. His father, the Rev. J. J. Excell, was a minister in the German Reform Church;

Hymn 256 - M.C. Hymnal

T. Kelley

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords

H.L. Gibson



he was a man of rare ability, a power in the pulpit and a singer of more than local fame. The son served his apprenticeship and worked as a plasterer and bricklayer for more than ten years, but love for music finally drew him from his humble occupation, and led him outward and upward, sometimes through almost unsurmountable difficulties, until, from teaching singing schools, drilling choirs and choruses, he stands today second to none as a director of gospel music.

He first came into prominence in 1883 through his association with that veteran Sunday School worker, B. F. Jacobs, since which time he has had charge of the music in more than twenty-five hundred state and national Sunday School conventions, and there are few church-going people, old or young, who do not know his songs or who have not sung under the direction of his baton.

For twenty years he was associated with Sam Jones, the celebrated evangelist, and was with him in his last meeting at Oklahoma City. (It was on his way home from this meeting that Mr. Jones was stricken and died.)

As a singer, Mr. Excell has few equals. Possessing a voice of remarkable sweetness and power, he sways his audience with the earnestness and spirit of his expression. He has edited over forty different song books, and is the publisher of more than one hundred. He has written many songs that will be loved and sung by generations to come, such as "Scatter Sunshine," "Since I Have Been Redeemed,"



Darrow, Darrow darrow!

Rev. D. L. Moody singing
Moderately

H. B. Warner

1. Darrow, darrow, darrow,
2. Farther, ever, farther,
3. Higher, ever, higher,

Last - in which we
From the norma - en
Christ, he drew to

sun, sole,
tree,

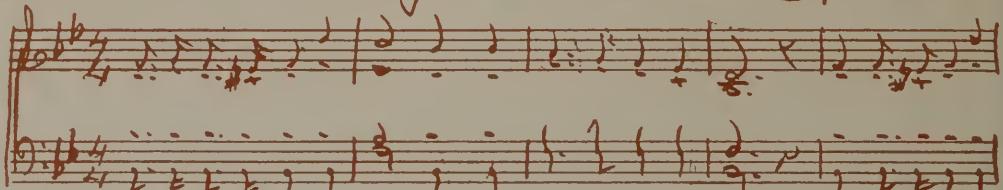
Hearts and voices
head - less - ly we
Sob m - ate - o -

"Count Your Blessings," and others. Probably his best-known song is "Let Him In," which has brought him unbounded praise.

D. B. Towner is a name familiar to all who sing or love gospel music. Born in Pennsylvania, in 1850, he early began the study of music, and at the age of nineteen was teaching singing classes, and singing solos at concerts. In 1885 he became associated with Mr. D. L. Moody, with whom, and other noted evangelists, he has been heard in almost every state in the Union, accomplished a great work and has made for himself a name that will be honored through years to come.

His voice is a well-cultivated baritone, and as a gospel singer he has no superior. His most popular song is "Anywhere with Jesus."

The name of Will L. Thompson will long be written high on the roll of fame, as the author of "Softly and Tenderly," "He's My Friend," "I Wonder if There's Room There for Me," "The Sinner and the Song," "Are You Ready?" and others of almost equal merit that are loved and sung the world over. His aim was to write music for the people, and his success was such as few writers have attained. Not only as a writer of gospel music is he known, but by secular quartets; his "Come Where the Lilies Bloom," and others have found their way into every corner of the singing world. He was born in East Liverpool,

*Frank Morrison**Standing on the Rock**C. C. Case*

O., in 1849, where he lived respected by all as a successful song writer, a prosperous business man, and courteous Christian gentleman. He died in 1911, mourned by the entire community.

C. C. Case was a friend and colleague of P. P. Bliss, James McGranahan, W. F. Sherwin, and others who left their imprint on gospel music. Although not a prolific writer, he edited, or assisted in editing many books that had extensive sale. Better known, perhaps, as a teacher of music, his song, "Why Not Now?" would of itself have made him famous.

E. S. Rice started life as a clerk in a hardware store, from which position he rose to senior partner. In 1866 he wrote "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?" which originally appeared in a Sunday School periodical, and was his first published song.

A. J. Showalter is a native of Virginia. He has edited more than twenty-five different books of song and theory, and is still a prolific writer, easily holding his position at the head of the rank and file of Southern authors. "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms" will keep his name in perpetual memory among gospel-music-loving people.

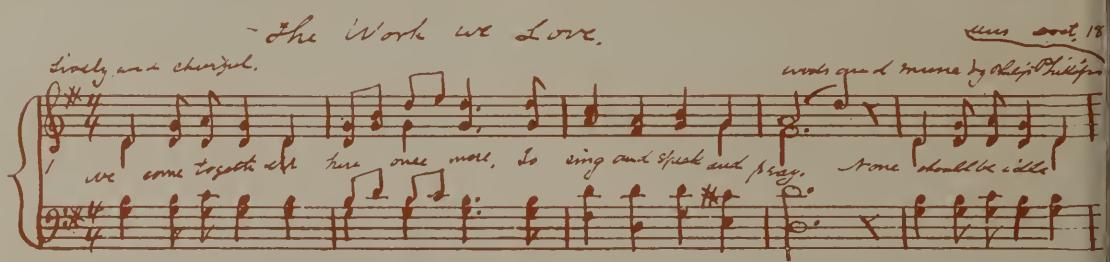
The compositions of J. M. Dungan range from a concerto to a gospel song, and include books of instruction, but he is best known as the author of "Bring Peace to My Soul."





B. D. ACKLEY

Perhaps no man of recent years has attained in the same length of time, the position among gospel song-writers occupied today by B. D. Ackley, private secretary and pianist to the Rev. W. A. Sunday. The son of musical parents, at the age of twelve years he played practically every instrument used in the modern brass band, including the clarionet and piccolo. His father and two of his brothers are ministers in the Methodist Protestant Church. For ten years he held the position of organist in many important churches of Philadelphia and New York. Five years ago his first gospel song, "Somebody Knows," was published; it at once became a favorite in our country and was reprinted abroad. Since then he has written, among many others, "How You Will Love Him," "I Shall Dwell Forever There," and "I Am Coming Home," all of which immediately sprang into popularity and are constantly being called for by the immense audiences that throng Mr. Sunday's tabernacles.



WHEN THE RELIGIOUS world began singing, "Are you washed in the blood?" the name of the Rev. E. A. Hoffman came into prominence; when, later, "What a wonderful Saviour" sang its way into the Church that name became a synonym of success.

Mr. Hoffman was born in Orwigsburg, Pa., in 1839. His father was a minister of the gospel in the Evangelical Association; both his parents were musical, and it was not an uncommon occurrence for the family to spend from half an hour to an hour, after the morning devotions, in the singing of hymns and songs.

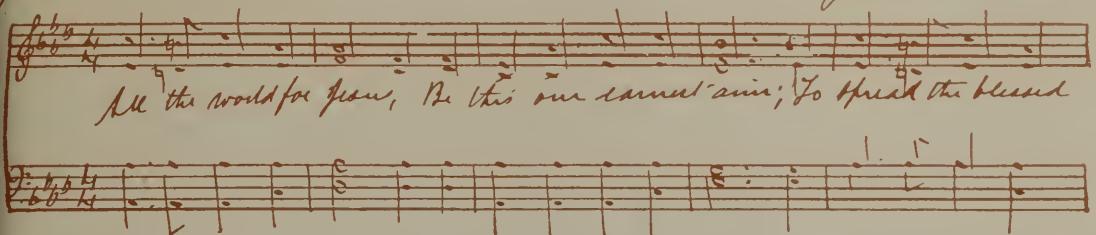
Very interesting is the following incident, quoted from a personal letter recently received from him:

While I was pastor at Lebanon, Pa., I called one day at the home of a parishioner and found the lady in great distress and sorrow. Wringing her hands, she cried: "What shall I do, what shall I do?" I replied: "You cannot do better than to take it all to Jesus—you must tell Jesus." For a moment she seemed abstracted in meditation, then her face glowed, her eyes lighted up, and with animation she exclaimed: "Yes, I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus!"

As I went from that sorrow-filled home a vision walked before me, a vision of a joy-illuminated face, of a soul transformed from

All the World for Jesus.

J. H. Fillmore



darkness into light, and I heard all along my pathway the echo of a tender voice saying, "I must tell Jesus!"

Immediately on reaching his study Mr. Hoffman wrote both the words and music of that splendid song, "I must tell Jesus," which is destined to be one among the few songs of our day that will be handed down from age to age. More than two thousand of Mr. Hoffman's hymns are in print, and he is still busy with his pen.

With unique prominence in the field of gospel song stand the names of James H., Fred A., and the Rev. C. M. Fillmore, the sons of the Rev. A. D. Fillmore. Unique because in no other family may be found three members who have won honor and distinction as writers of sacred music. Each one has written many songs that have been popular, among which James H. gave the world "We Are Going Down the Valley"; Fred A., "Seeds of Promise"; the Rev. C. M., "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

To know either one of these brothers is to give him love, honor, and respect as a citizen and earnest Church worker. The first is the head of the Fillmore Brothers Music Publishing House; the second is a farmer; the third is a consecrated minister of the gospel in the Christian Church. Each is a "self-made" man, having achieved his honorable crown by hard work, earnest effort, and right living. As

Columbus

Moderato

Geo. F. Root.

each one is a constant writer, the world may well look for many more good songs from them.

George F. Root was a remarkable man in some respects. He was a prolific writer of all classes of music, sacred and secular, a popular educator, and a man beloved by all who knew him. Although best known today by his war songs, he was author of many useful and lasting gospel songs, among which may be mentioned "Solid Ground" and "Ring the Bells of Heaven." In 1870, I sent him my first composition—a secular duet for soprano and alto. Twenty-two years afterward I met him, and immediately, on hearing my name, he mentioned the circumstances surrounding the manuscript, although thousands of songs had passed through his hands since that time.

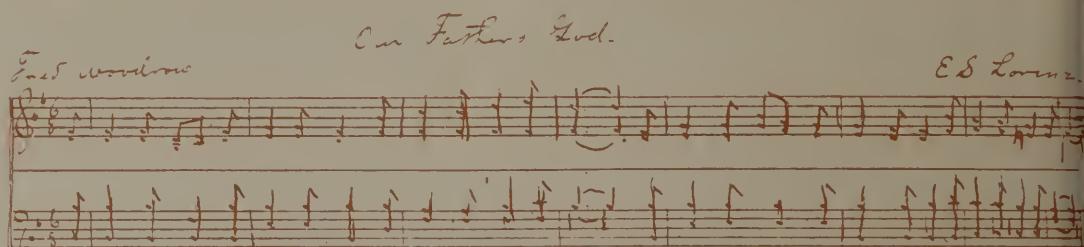
When the "Sunshine Preacher," Frank E. Graeff, wrote the words, and J. Lincoln Hall the music of "Does Jesus Care?" they little knew the powerful influence for good their song was destined to exert upon millions of hearts and lives. Mr. Hall, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania music school, is, possibly, best known to Sunday School people by his special service work, in which he has been eminently successful, although his gospel songs have given him a reputation few writers have attained. He was born forty-six years



H. R. PALMER

ago, and during the last twenty years has resided in Philadelphia, where his time is given exclusively to writing. Much may yet be expected from him.

Into every nook and corner of the Christian world have gone the songs of William J. Kirkpatrick. "Take the World, But Give Me Jesus," "Lord, I'm Coming Home," "Deeper Yet," and many others will stand as monuments to his name, generation after generation. In early life he served an apprenticeship of three years at carpentering; enlisted in the army in 1861; for ten years after the



close of the war he was engaged in the manufacture of furniture, but in 1878 he abandoned all commercial pursuits and gave his undivided attention to the writing of sacred music, gradually gaining the ear and admiration of the English-speaking nations of the earth. Millions of his books have been sold, and, although born in 1838, he is seventy-seven years young, hale, hearty, and busy at his work.

Theodore E. Perkins, the author of "Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy," "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By," and other popular sacred pieces was among the first of gospel singers. He possessed a voice of unusual sweetness, well cultivated and impressive. Not being much of a traveler he is little known personally, yet the entire Christian world is familiar with many of his songs. After a lifetime spent in the up-building of Church music, he is today teaching music and voice culture.

My acquaintance with the Rev. E. S. Lorenz began by correspondence almost forty years ago, and his kind words of encouragement, honest criticism, friendship, and advice were, and have been all through the years a sustaining, helping, and determining element in my life.

Ill health obliged him to abandon the ministry, for which he had so splendidly equipped himself. An accomplished musician, theoretically and by nature, his taste and penchant are



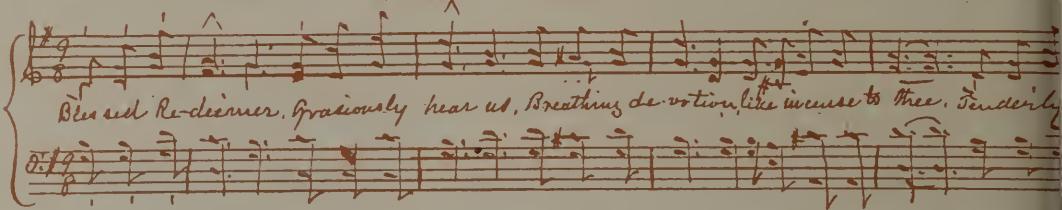
for a higher class of music, yet his songs, "Tell It to Jesus" and "Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me," are models of simplicity, which, however, is characteristic of all our best-known Church tunes, from "Old Hundred" down to the productions of the present day.

Mr. Lorenz is president of the music publishing house which bears his name, and is, without doubt, the most extensive and successful publisher of amateur Church choir anthems in the world today. Had he written nothing save "The Name of Jesus" posterity would have known him. Still vigorous and enthusiastic, much more may be expected from him.

Harry Brooks, 2024

Blessed Re-deemer

Theo. L. Perke



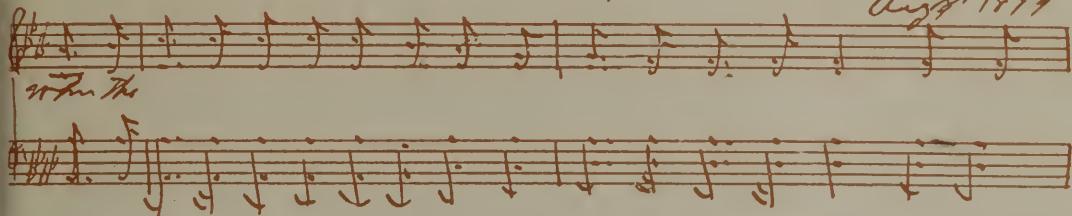
VER TWENTY YEARS AGO, while assisting Dr. J. F. Berry (now bishop) in the preparation of a collection of Epworth League songs, he took from his desk a roll of manuscript which had been submitted for use in the book, and handed it to me saying, "See if you can find anything in this bunch." One from that lot (written in green ink) attracted my attention. The composer's name was not familiar to me, and the title of his offering was a new thought —"When the Roll is Called Up Yonder."

J. M. Black, the author of both words and music of that popular song, was born and spent his boyhood in the state of New York. He is a competent director of music in the east, and author of a number of books that have had large sale. He also wrote the music of "I Remember Calvary," and "Where Jesus is 'Tis Heaven."

Charlie D. Tillman began evangelistic work more than thirty years ago, and his first song was printed about five years later. He is not a prolific writer, but is the editor and publisher of more than a dozen gospel and Sunday school song books all of which have had very wide circulation especially through the Southern States.

In 1895, being in need of a song on the Holy Spirit, he heard someone sing "O Lord, send the power just now, and baptize everyone," to a tune not unlike the chorus of the song he afterward worked out. A prayerful and

No. 2

*When the Breath has Ceased Day.*L. O. Emerson
Aug 7 1894

diligent study of the second chapter of Acts gave him the words of his now famous song, "O Lord, Send the Power." The chorus is not altogether original. The principal reason for the long life of the song and the increasing demand for it is that it is scriptural all the way through.

Mr. Tillman is both a singing and speaking evangelist, a publisher of sacred music and a Southern gentleman of respect and influence.

"Beautiful Isle" was first published in 1897. Although criticised and ridiculed, it leaped over the heads of critics into nation-wide fame and favor in an incredibly short time. In 1901 it was one of the two songs sung at the funeral of our martyr-President, William McKinley.

The author of the music of this favorite song is J. S. Fearis. Mr. Fearis was born in Richmond, Ia., forty-six years ago. At an early age he began teaching music in the country. Afterward, entering the convention field, he became prominent in the West as a conductor. Coming to Chicago eighteen years ago, he devoted his time and attention exclusively to teaching and composing. At the present time he is engaged in teaching and publishing music.

The world can well expect much from the son of such a man as Ira D. Sankey, therefore it is no surprise that I. Allen Sankey should write such a song as "Never Give Up." He

Soldiers of Christ

Charles Wesley. *Asa Cull.*

made no attempt at composition until his father became blind, when, hoping that he might carry on the lifework of that great man, his first two songs were written and presented to his father as a Christmas present, in 1902. One of these, "There is Joy in My Soul," was much used by Gipsy Smith. "Never Give Up" was written the next year, and others succeeded, until his published compositions number over sixty-five.

C. Austin Miles was formerly a druggist, but for the last fifteen years has been connected with an Eastern publishing house. His song, "When I Get Home," has been translated into more than a dozen languages, while his "Sweeter Every Day" is known and sung everywhere.

"God will Take Care of You" was written by a minister-evangelist, the Rev. W. S. Martin.

Only shepherds of Bethlehem heard the music of the herald angels, and John alone testifies to having listened to the song of Moses and of the Lamb. The inspiration to write a "Messiah" was given to but one man. "The Passion of St. Matthew," although written almost three centuries ago, still stands a monument to the transcendent genius of Bach. Beethoven, in his wonderful creations, sums up the whole of human emotion—love, hate, laughter, tears—all find expression.

Wagner caught and transcribed the echoes of the divine music sung by the morning stars at the creation of the world. Chopin carries us into the worlds yet to be. The fife and drum thrill us today with the same patriotism that inspired thousands of brave men to die for their country in the past.

"Home, Sweet Home," was the cry of John Howard Payne's lonely heart, and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the benediction of Lowell Mason. The music of W. H. Doane inspired Fanny Crosby to write "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Robert Lowry bequeathed "Shall We Gather at the River," and Toplady sang of the "Rock of Ages."

The range of music is as the depths of the sea and the heights of the stars. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," for He placed at each milepost just the man fitted to accomplish His allwise design, whether it was a Handel or a Mason, a Mozart or a Bradbury, a Mendelssohn or a McGranahan. Perfect music will never be known on earth; and not until the judgment morning, when all the countless millions of blood-washed souls shall awake and arise with the dawn of eternal day, and surging and thronging from every corner of the earth, they enter the presence of the King shouting, "Home at last," will its fullness be demonstrated. Then all who, through His grace, are permitted to join that immortal chorus will testify that the best the earth could give was but a faint, discordant echo of that with which all heaven shall ring forever and ever.



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